

SEPT
NO. 7

WEIRD TALES OF TERROR

H
O
R
R
I
F
I
C

HORRIFIC

COMIC
MEDIA

10¢

WALK HAND-IN-HAND
WITH DEATH AS THE
GRIM REAPER BREWS...

**SHRUNKEN
SKULLS**

DON
HECK

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SEPT
No. 7

WEIRD TALES OF TERROR

HORRIFIC

HORRIFIC

10c
K

COMIC
MEDIA

WALK HAND-IN-HAND
WITH DEATH AS THE
GRIM REAPER BREWS...
**SHRUNKEN
SKULLS**



Don
Crawford

HOW BEAUTIFUL THESE FIGURINES ARE! SO LIFE-LIKE! I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THEM!

JA, MADAM! ARE THEY NOT MOST EXQUISITE? GENUINE DRESDEN! IT IS OUR FIRST SHIPMENT! SUCH CRAFTSMANSHIP! NEIN?



IF YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WENT ON AT THE NEW REDUCING SALON IN GRAFLAU PLATZ, IT'S PROBABLE THAT YOU TOO WOULD...

SHRINK

FRAU FREIDA HERTZEL ALIGHTED FROM THE TRAIN AT DRESDEN AND FOUND HER HUSBAND WAITING FOR HER ON THE STATION PLATFORM...

FRIEDA, MY DEAR! DID YOU HAVE A NICE TRIP? HOW IS THE FAMILY IN MUNICH?

KURT! WHAT A SURPRISE! I DID NOT EXPECT YOU TO MEET ME!

YOU MUST HAVE CLOSED THE STORE EARLY TO COME TO THE STATION. YOU DID NOT HAVE TO DO THAT FOR ME, KURT!

ACH... FRIEDA... YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THIS CITY. EVER SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN IN MUNICH VISITING...



...NO LESS THAN TWENTY WOMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED... WITHOUT A TRACE! PERHAPS YOU KNEW SOME OF THEM... WHEN WE GET HOME YOU WILL SEE THEIR PICTURES IN THE NEWSPAPERS!



ACH! I TELL YOU... NO WOMAN IS SAFE ALONE ON THE STREETS! THAT IS WHY I MET YOU AT THE STATION!... HERE ARE THE NEWSPAPERS!



OH... MEIN GOTT!

WHAT IS IT, FRIEDA? YOU KNOW SOME OF THEM?



NO, BUT THESE PICTURES REMIND ME OF SOME MAGNIFICENT DRESDEN CHINA FIGURINES I SAW IN A SHOP WHEN I WAS IN MUNICH.



THEY ARE SO REALISTIC! SUCH WORKMANSHIP!

JA, MEIN FRAU! THE VERY BEST DRESDEN, TOO! OUR FIRST SHIPMENT FROM THE PERSON WHO MAKES THEM!



"I WANTED TO BUY A PAIR... A MAN LIKE YOU, AND A LADY JUST LIKE ME!"

I'M SORRY, MEIN FRAU! I DON'T THINK WE RECEIVED ANY. ERIC... YOU OPENED THIS SHIPMENT. WERE THERE ANY THIN ONES.

NO, MEIN HERR. PERHAPS WE COULD PLACE A SPECIAL ORDER FOR THE LADY!

THANK YOU... NEIN... I LIVE IN DRESDEN. I WILL LOOK FOR WHAT I WANT WHEN I RETURN HOME.

KURT... I NEVER HAVE SEEN SUCH FIGURINES EVEN HERE IN DRESDEN! THEY LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THESE PICTURES.

NONSENSE, FRIEDA! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION! SEE... ALREADY THESE DISAPPEARANCES ARE WORKING ON YOUR MIND!



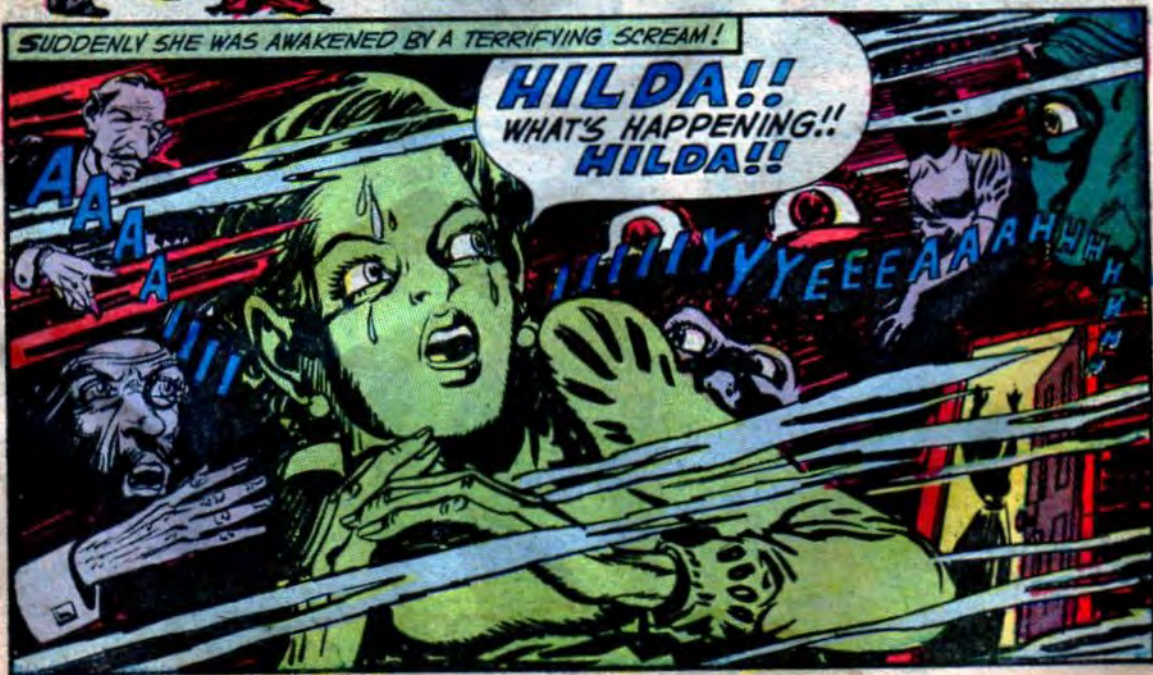
THE NEXT DAY, FRAU HERTZEL WAS VISITED BY HER GOOD FRIEND FRAU BOEHLER



BUT IT WAS LONGER THAN FRAU HERTZEL FIGURED. SEATED IN A SOFT COMFORTABLE CHAIR, SHE BECAME DROWSY. HER HEAD NODDED... HER EYES CLOSED... AND SHE WAS ASLEEP...



SUDDENLY SHE WAS AWAKENED BY A TERRIFYING SCREAM!





**THEY LOOKED, BUT FOUND NOTHING.
FRAU HERTZEL LEFT FOR HOME...**



**BUT TOMORROW NEVER CAME.
THAT EVENING SOMEBODY
FOUNDED THE KNOCKER ON
FRAU HERTZEL'S DOOR...**



**I WAS AWAKENED
BY A SCREAM! I
THOUGHT IT WAS
HILDA. HERR BOSZ
SAID I WAS ONLY
DREAMING... THAT
HILDA LEFT. HE
SHOWED ME AROUND
...NOBODY WAS THERE!**



THOSE MISSING WOMEN... HILDA KNEW THREE OF THEM... AND THEY ALL WENT TO HERR BOSZ' REDUCING SALON...



"I MUST GO BACK TO HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT... HE HAS DONE SOMETHING TO THOSE WOMEN... BUT I CAN'T LET KURT KNOW WHERE I'M GOING."

FRIEDA, WHO WAS AT THE DOOR?



FRIEDA... WHERE ARE YOU GOING? IT IS NOT SAFE OUT ALONE!

IT WAS THE BAKERY BOY... THEY COULDN'T DELIVER MY ORDER! I MUST GO TO THE OTHER STORE! I WON'T BE LONG!



IT IS VERY STRANGE... TERRIBLE PERHAPS! THOSE WOMEN... ALL FAT... AND THOSE FIGURINES... ?



"AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER FRAU HERTZEL ARRIVES AT HERR BOSZ' ESTABLISHMENT..."



FRAU HERTZEL PROWLED AROUND SILENTLY INSIDE. FROM ROOM TO ROOM SHE WENT. ALL WERE IN ORDER... EXCEPT...

THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLEW OPEN. FRAU HERTZEL WAS PETRIFIED, PINNED, IN A STREAM OF LIGHT...

THIS ONE... LOCKED! HE MADE ME PASS IT BY TODAY... THERE'S A QUEER ODOR... SOMEONE IS INSIDE...



ACH! SO... FRAU HERTZEL! HA, HA... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MY CHARMING LADY?





MY FRIEND... FRAU BOEHLER... SHE HAS DISAPPEARED... YOU DIDN'T LET HER GO TODAY... SHE'S STILL HERE... THAT WAS HER I HEARD SCREAM... I KNOW IT!...

THOSE OTHER WOMEN... ALL THOSE WHO CAME HERE... THEY ALL DISAPPEARED... YOU DID SOMETHING TO ALL OF THEM...

HA... HA... HA... HOW CLEVER A WOMAN YOU ARE, FRAU HERTZEL!



HA... HA... HA...! AND HOW RIGHT YOU ARE! NONE OF THOSE WOMEN EVER DID LEAVE HERE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHY?



I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, FRAU HERTZEL! YOU SEE, I HAVE A HOBBY. A VERY SPECIAL HOBBY... VERY CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH MY BUSINESS!



THE SIGN OUTSIDE MY DOOR... IT REFERS TO MY HOBBY, TOO! BUT NOBODY KNOWS IT. COME... I WILL SHOW YOU MY HOBBY, FRAU HERTZEL!



THIS IS MY SECRET WORKROOM, FRAU HERTZEL... AND THERE IS YOUR FRIEND, FRAU BOEHLER! IS THAT NOT A FINE JOB? NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY HOBBY?

SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, MEIN FRAU HERTZEL... NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU! AND NOW, BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET... I MUST DO WITH YOU AS I HAVE DONE WITH ALL THE OTHERS!



YOU ARE THE FIRST OF YOUR KIND TO UNDERGO MY TREATMENT, FRAU HERTZEL! ALL THE OTHERS HAVE BEEN FAT LADIES!



ALL THAT NIGHT A TRAIL OF SMOKE EMERGED FROM THE CHIMNEY OF HERR BOSZ ESTABLISHMENT. HERR BOSZ WAS WORKING ON HIS HOBBY.



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A HORSE-DRAWN WAGON PULLED UP TO THE SIDE DOOR OF THE BOSZ REDUCING SALON. A LARGE CRATE WAS LIFTED INTO THE WAGON...



THE NEXT DAY, THE CRATE WAS OPENED IN A CHINA SHOP IN MUNICH...

IS THAT THE NEW SHIPMENT FROM BOSZ IN DRESDEN, ERIC?

JA, MEIN HERR! LOOK AT THIS ONE! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?



AND LOOK AT THIS ONE! A THIN ONE... THE FIRST THIN ONE HE'S SENT!

ACH! STRANGE... BUT THIS ONE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE LADY WHO WAS IN HERE LOOKING FOR A THIN FIGURINE A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO!



THE END

DANCE to ROMANCE

LEARN TO DANCE IN ONLY **1** WEEK

**Become An Expert Dancer
in Just Minutes a Day!**

**Yes! You Dance a New Step Each Evening
for 7 Days or**

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



**NOW—
Start to
DANCE
Your Way
to
ROMANCE!**

This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.

FOX-TROT RHUMBA

SAMBA CONGA

SQUARE DANCES

WALTZ LINDY TANGO



A picture of a dancing couple shows you each step and movement; easy follow-the-foot-print drawings for every step of each complete dance. Simple-to-read instructions. All together, this new speed-method makes it easy and quick to learn to dance.



JITTERBUG

BE POPULAR... GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE

The good dancers have the best times... to expert dancing. And, **DOUBLE YOUR** get the most invitations. Here's your chance **MONEY BACK!** if it isn't everything we say it is. The bonus book of Square Dances is yours.

**COMPLETE COURSE of
DANCE INSTRUCTION ONLY \$1.98**

**BONUS
for
PROMPTNESS**

Act today — and for your promptness we send you, without extra charge, a complete book of Square Dances. So mail the coupon now!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days, or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep.

PICKWICK CO.

Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!

Pickwick Co., Dept. HA-602,
Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ **SAVE MONEY:** Send payment now, and we pay the 48¢ postage. No A.P.O., F.P.O., or Foreign C.O.D.'s.

RAIN of DEATH

By Larry Sanger



We had been seeding the clouds in the Morenci Road valley down around Duncan, Arizona, for about a week when my assistant conked-out on the job and I had to hire a new one.

As a rainmaker I was through unless I found one, too. You can't fly a plane and work the silver-iodide generator at the same time. Matter of fact—I was right on the verge of being through but good, anyway, because the contracting farmer who was paying me ten cents an acre to put water on his crop couldn't understand that I didn't make rain. I just nudged Nature by seeding clouds with silver iodide. Nature hadn't obliged, as yet.

So when this hombre, Bart Gafford, showed himself at the landing strip, I hired him on the spot. Bart didn't have to learn much—just to sit in the back and tend the generator. You know how it works: pieces of impregnated charcoal about the size of a pea are brought to a red heat in a small heater and then dropped through the funnel. The particles burn brightly as they fall, leaving behind trails of silver-iodide nuclei. By the time the bits of charcoal have fallen about a thousand feet they are completely consumed. In an hour we could seed about 30,000 cubic miles of atmosphere, at a cost of about two dollars for silver iodide and heat. It's safe and sane—nothing to it.

Well, Bart was just like the farmer: he didn't seem to understand why we were flying over the mesquite, but as it turned out he had a very powerful interest in those sprawling acres of thick bush just the same. He told me about it when I asked what he cared where we went.

Seems the reason this mesquite area wasn't under cultivation like the fields downwind was that title to the land belonged to a crazy old prospector who lived in a shack in the middle of the mesquite and wouldn't let anyone come near his property. Bart pointed out the shack and the hairline of a burro trail that led to it. Bart said the old coot thought there was mineral wealth in it and so wouldn't let it go to agriculture.

Bart also said that he, personally, had tried to buy the land as agent for a syndicate that wanted to cultivate the whole valley. I wasn't much surprised to have got a financier for an assistant: you know, you hear a lot of big talk out here in the West, and I just shrugged it off as another prevailing wind, if you get what I

mean.

The next morning I got out to the strip late. Bart was already in the plane. He told me everything in his department was ready to roll. I took him at his word and got the ship up in no time. As luck would have it, we spent the whole seeding time practically in the middle of all those acres of mesquite, flying back and forth over the crazy prospector's shack.

When we landed, Bart said so-long in a big hurry, got in his car and headed South. I found out later that he kept right on going until he crossed the border into Mexico.

He had left in such a hurry that I decided to double check everything before I left. It was a good thing I did. Right away I noticed the grease on the funnel—the seed tube was coated with it! Now you know hot charcoal doesn't sweat grease. And while the heater had been going, the seed supply hadn't been touched!

I began to hunt frantically for some evidence of what we had been dumping into the sky.

When I found the big lard can with that chunk of stuff in the grease at the bottom of it, I headed South in my car, too. But fast. Only I was heading for the sheriff in Duncan.

The Law and I raced back to the shack in Mesquite Acres and finally evicted the old prospector. Otherwise he'd been roasted alive in the fire. Did you ever see mesquite burn? Beat any range fire that part of the country had ever seen.

We knew about the fire in advance, of course, because as you have already guessed that chunk of stuff in the grease was metallic sodium. But if you think explaining the workings of silver iodide to a farmer is tough going, you should try to explain the chemical facts of life about metallic sodium to a desert rat.

I argued with the old prospector, who wasn't crazy at all, and the sheriff tried to reason with him. It was no use. So I went out and beat around the bushes until I located one of the little bundles from heaven. I figured Bart Gafford had unloaded a few at a time just when we were over the vicinity of the shack. Then by demonstrating the theory of the crime—showing how the sun would melt the grease which would drip off into the soil, and how the metallic sodium would burst into flame, trapping the old prospector in a ring of fire around a burning shack, we soon had him and his few belongings packed in haste.

I think, though, that it was my convincing demonstration of how water, just in case of rain, would make the stuff burn even more violently that really got him going.

Howsome the soever, there's a happy ending. What with the round-up of Bart Gafford and the gang he was working for, and the neat burning off of all that valuable land, plus the fact that the old prospector thinks I'm an expert on both metals and crops, it looks like I am just about to become one of the landed gentry myself. See you at the courthouse.

STEEL TRAP

by Ed Green

Laboratory workers in the field of physics used to be a pretty soft lot. But when they began to tap the enormous energies of the atom they got into the backyard of heavy industry where there are some very tough and very primitive bruisers, still wandering around.

Big Joe Crawford was one of these. He was a welder on the billion-volt Havinghurst Project. You've been reading about it in the papers. It made the cyclotron obsolete when its 10,000-ton circular magnet went into operation after the starting ceremonies had been delayed a day by what the papers dismissed as "a construction accident." That so-called accident was Big Joe's contribution to the history of science.

The whole affair began the day that Dr. Burney, who was young and good-looking, brought his girl friend to visit the Project. She was younger and so much more than good-looking that the word "beautiful" seemed inadequate for describing her. As she and her doctor of science walked around the huge tunnel-shaped structure, Big Joe followed her with his eyes.

Dr. Burney was explaining that the magnet was wound with 140,000 feet of two-inch copper cable when Big Joe came out from behind his shield and began tagging along behind them. During that time he must have overheard the physicist mention her name, because that night he went to see her.

None of the men on the job ever learned what actually took place on the fateful night in question, but the next morning Dr. Burney came in like the wrath of Doomsday and made straight for the blue light that was Big Joe's torch. There were some angry words exchanged which ended with the scientist saying that if it happened again Big Joe Crawford would be fired instantly. Then Dr. Burney turned and stepped over the oxyacetylene tubes toward the ladder at the rim.

That is, he started to step over the tubes. At the same time Big Joe flipped the valve and turned back to his work so that the hose was raised—maybe deliberately—just enough to trip the physicist.

He fell from the rim down into the pit, striking his jaw on one of the vacuum pumps with about the same force and the same effect that he would have felt if Big Joe had socked him: the doctor's jaw was broken in three places.

But that wasn't THE accident.

A little thing like a broken jaw would never keep Dr. Burney from the completion festi-

ties, and no one expected him to be gone longer than it would take to get patched up. As a matter of fact, he was back the following afternoon, one day before the ceremonies, looking like an Egyptian mummy.

He told the gang about his operation with as much relish as if he had been a suburban housewife describing her experience with a stork. Of all the details, it was the painlessness of the steel fracture splints that had been inserted into his jawbone like nails that most impressed him, and he all but unwound the gauze in his eagerness to impress the men as well.

The physicist did not remain very long, and he did not encounter Big Joe at all. Apparently he considered the matter of his affair with Crawford a closed incident, and from his remarks it was plain that he considered his fall to have been a careless misstep and nothing more.

On the morning of the next day everything was ready for the starting ceremonies even though the final finishing touches would not be put to the plant before the power was turned on and the first proton was launched toward its atomic target.

About ten o'clock the rectangular building adjoining the immense round room was alive with electricians, and some of them strung a large feed-line up to a test board and connected it with the input terminals of the magnet. Big Joe Crawford was working on the new-type accelerating-electrode housing at this point on the circumference of the vast chamber. Across the pit, 110 feet away from him and directly opposite, Dr. Burney appeared.

Slowly, he inspected the sector breaks as the gang cleaned up around the base of the giant iron doughnut. The great energy-storing fly-wheel was humming smoothly. The stage was set for the "accident."

Dr. Burney bent forward to look more closely at one of the frequency-modulation contacts. Big Joe Crawford at that precise moment swept off his mask and brought it down in one movement stop the temporary power-switch on the test board.

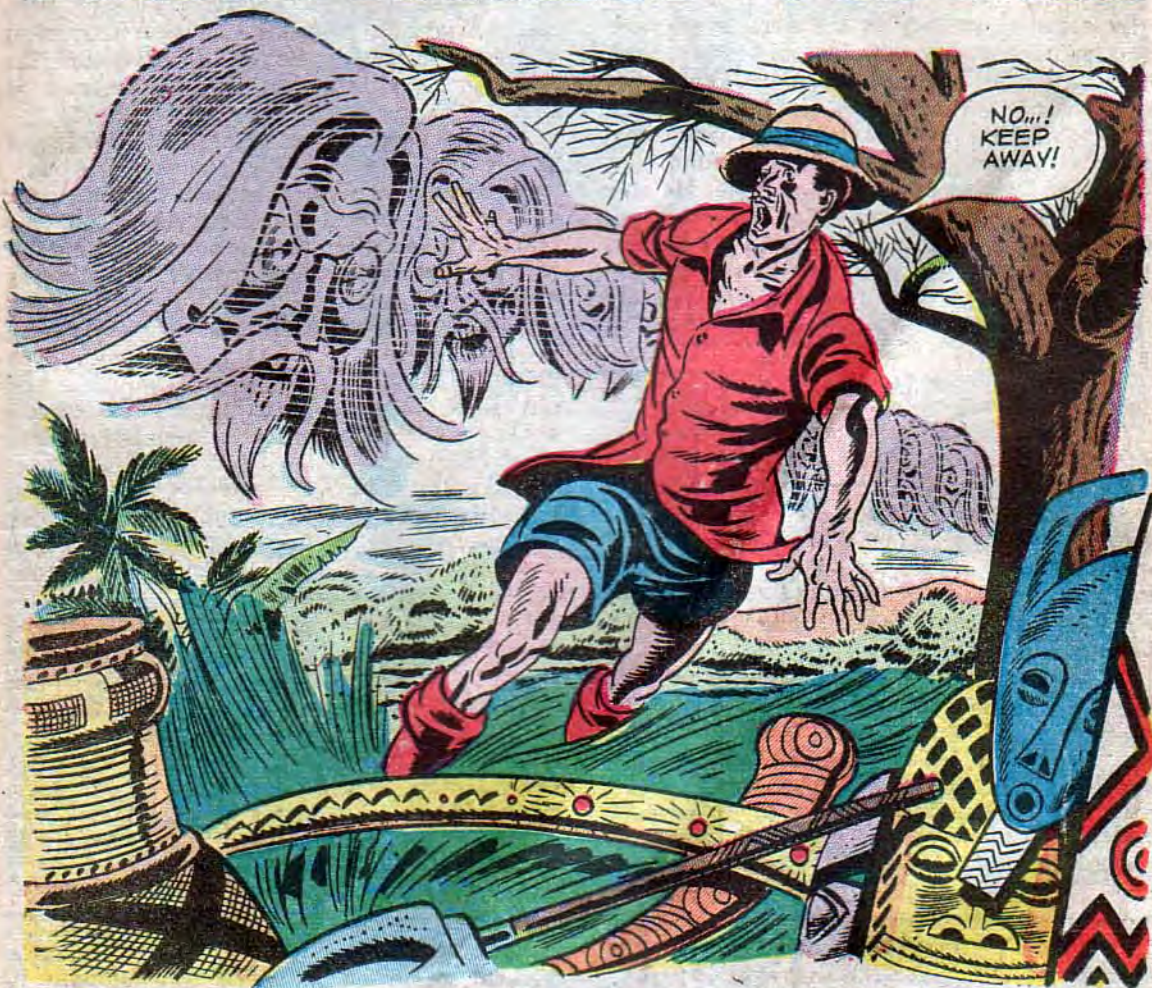
One hundred thousand kilowatts—the amount of electricity used by a whole city—surged into the magnet.

In Dr. Burney's jaw were fracture splints of steel and for them the magnet grasped with all its incredible strength. In a blinding split second those splints had clawed off half of his face and plastered it like a poultice on the tons of electrified iron. He had time to scream once, or maybe that was the shriek of the arc as the current was cut on the other side of the room. Anyway, they had to postpone the ceremonies.

After the long investigation was over, it was said that Big Joe Crawford went out West and took a job in the shipyards where the only beautiful girls he had to think about were mermaids.

WHEN ERIC RAMON MURDERED JOHNATHON SCOTT, HE THOUGHT THE FORTUNE OF THE AGES WAS HIS! BUT HIS ONLY REWARD WAS DEATH,... RENDERED BY AN ANCIENT AND GHASTLY SCHEME THAT RESULTED IN A...

SHRUNKEN SKULL



IN A NEW YORK MUSEUM...

SCOTT HASN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN MONTHS! I FEEL RESPONSIBLE!

WE ALL FEEL HIS LOSS! WE MUST GO TO AFRICA OURSELVES IN SEARCH OF HIM!

SOON AFTER, THE EXPEDITION SEEKING THE LOST JOHNATHAN SCOTT, PENETRATES THE SAVAGE INTERIOR! THEN...



LOOK! A NATIVE VILLAGE! ACCORDING TO OUR MAPS...

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, ERIC! ALL EVIDENCE SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT SCOTT IS SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA.



RAMON, THE EXPEDITION'S LEADER, CONFERS WITH THE CHIEFTAN ALONE!

BEYOND VILLAGE IS HOLY VALLEY OF GOLD! AND GREAT WHITE GOD!

THAT MUST BE SCOTT! BUT COULD THAT BE? A VALLEY OF GOLD!



THE PROSPECT OF A GOLDEN VALLEY REMAINS RAMON'S GREEDY SECRET! AND THAT NIGHT AS HIS COMPANIONS SLEEP...

I'LL BE THERE BEFORE THEY KNOW I'M GONE! IF THERE REALLY IS A VALLEY OF GOLD, NO ONE WILL KNOW BUT ME!



THAT MORNING.

JOHNATHON!

ERIC! YOU'VE COME!



YES, ERIC... AT FIRST IT WAS TERRIBLE! BUT... THE NATIVES ARE VERY FRIENDLY AND I SOON BECAME INTERESTED IN THEIR CULTURE AND WELFARE!

THAT IS LIKE YOU, JOHNATHON! YOU WOULD NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GOLD... BUT I DO!



THESE SKULLS, JONATHON! ARE THE NATIVES I MEAN...?

THEY ARE SHRUNKEN HEADS, ERIC. BUT THESE NATIVES ARE HOSTILE ONLY WHEN THEY'RE PROVOKED!

THE TREACHEROUS RAMON WATCHES INTENTLY AS SCOTT CASUALLY OUTLINES THE ANCIENT CANNIBALISTIC HEAD SHRINKING TECHNIQUE



...THUS YOU SEE, ERIC, THIS HOCUS POCUS STUNT IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE!

YES, SCOTT! ANYONE COULD DO IT!

YES, ANYONE!!... IF I RETURN WITH SCOTT'S SHRUNKEN SKULL, THEY'LL THINK IT IS THE WORK OF NATIVES! AND NO ONE WILL KNOW OF THE GOLD!





AND AS THE UNSUSPECTING SCIENTIST TURNS AWAY FOR A MOMENT THE FIENDISH DAMON, EXECUTES HIS DIABOLICAL PLAN!

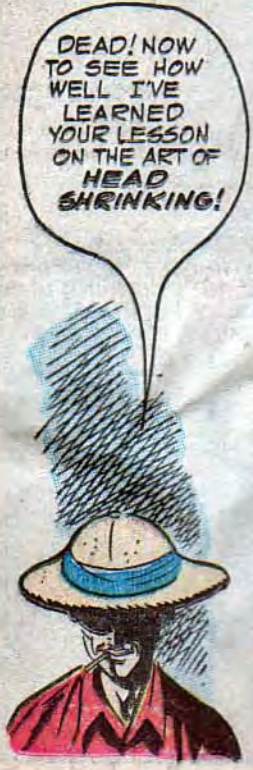
ERIC! WHAT ARE...
AAA-HHH-GGG--



DIE, SCOTT! DIE...
SO THAT I MAY BE
RICH AND POWERFUL!



AAAGGRR..RR!!



DEAD! NOW
TO SEE HOW
WELL I'VE
LEARNED
YOUR LESSON
ON THE ART OF
HEAD
SHRINKING!



LATER.. AS THE RUTHLESS
MURDERER EXAMINES HIS
HANDIWORK!

SUPERB! YOU TAUGHT ME
WELL, JONATHAN! HA, HA!
NOW TO RETURN AND
EXPLAIN THIS TO
THE OTHERS!



IT'S
JONATHAN
...NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT!
FRIGHTFUL!

TRAGIC!
THE
NATIVES
ARE
SAVAGE!

YES..
THIS IS
A SAD
ENDING
TO OUR
SEARCH!

THE GRIM BAND
OF SCIENTISTS
AND EXPLORERS
PLACE THE
SHRIVELLED
AND SHRUNKEN
HEAD OF THEIR
DEAD CO-WORKER
INTO A WOODEN
BOX AND
SOMBERLY
PREPARE FOR
THEIR RETURN
TREK...OBLIVIOUS
OF THE THIN
SNEER THAT
CREASES THEIR
LEADER'S
VISAGE...



NOTHING
MORE WE
CAN DO
HERE! WE'LL
START BACK
IMMEDIATELY,
ERIC!

YES...
IMMED-
IATELY!

THE FOOLS SUSPECT NOTHING! I'LL
RETURN FOR THE GOLD ALONE!
THANK YOU, JONATHAN SCOTT!
HA-HA-HA-HA!



I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST
MAN ON FIVE CONTINENTS!
AND WEALTH MEANS
POWER!!



BUT ERIC RAMON'S MOMENT
OF DIABOLICAL GLORY IS
SHORT LIVED...

AAAAEEEEEE!!!



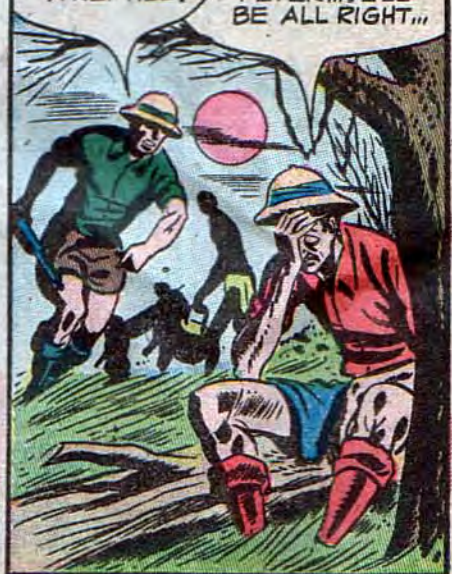
NO, NO...!!
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!



THE OTHERS RACE TO THEIR
TREMBLING LEADER'S SIDE
IN ASTONISHMENT!

ERIC!
WHAT
WAS IT?
A REPTILE?

NO...NO...IT WASN'T
ANYTHING...A...
LITTLE JUNGLE
FEVER...! I'LL
BE ALL RIGHT...



AS THE PROCESSION TOWARD ITS PORT OF EMBARKATION, ERIC RAMON ATTEMPTS TO COMPOSE HIMSELF... TO DISMISS FROM HIS MIND THE THOUGHT OF THE HIDEOUS APPARITION!

IT WAS A HALLUCINATION! NOTHING MORE... I WAS IMAGINING THINGS!

BUT HIS WORDS ARE BARELY UTTERED WHEN...

THE JUNGLE IS JUST... WHAAA.. AGGGHH!



NOOO
"NO"
NO!!!

POOR ERIC!
HE'S A VERY
SICK MAN!

THANK
HEAVENS
WE'RE
ONLY A
DAY'S
JOURNEY
FROM
OUR
SHIP!

THE SEAPORT IS FINALLY REACHED AND THE DISTRAUGHT RAMON BREATHE A SILENT SIGH OF RELIEF!

SAFE AT LAST!
AND THE GOLD...
WILL YET BE MINE!



YOU'RE LOOKING
BETTER, ERIC! IT'S
BEEN A LONG, AND
DIFFICULT JOURNEY,
AND HOW AWFUL
THAT ALL WE
RETURN WITH 16
JONATHON'S
SHRUNKEN
HEAD IN A
BOX!

YES
.....
AWFUL
.....
IN A
BOX
.....

THOSE BEASTLY
CANNIBALS WERE...

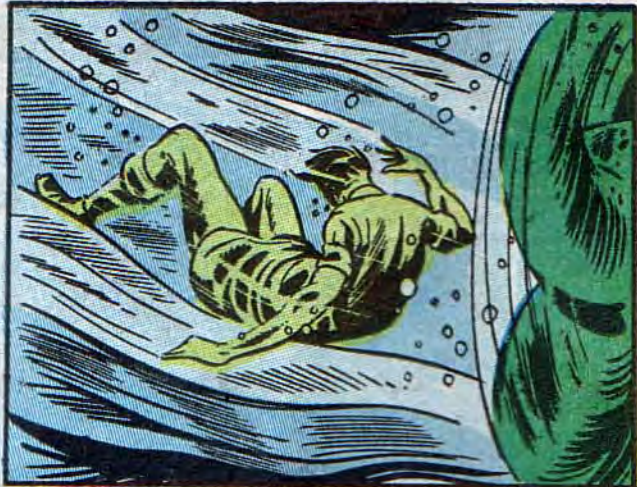
AIII! GET AWAY! STOP
PLAGUING ME...!!



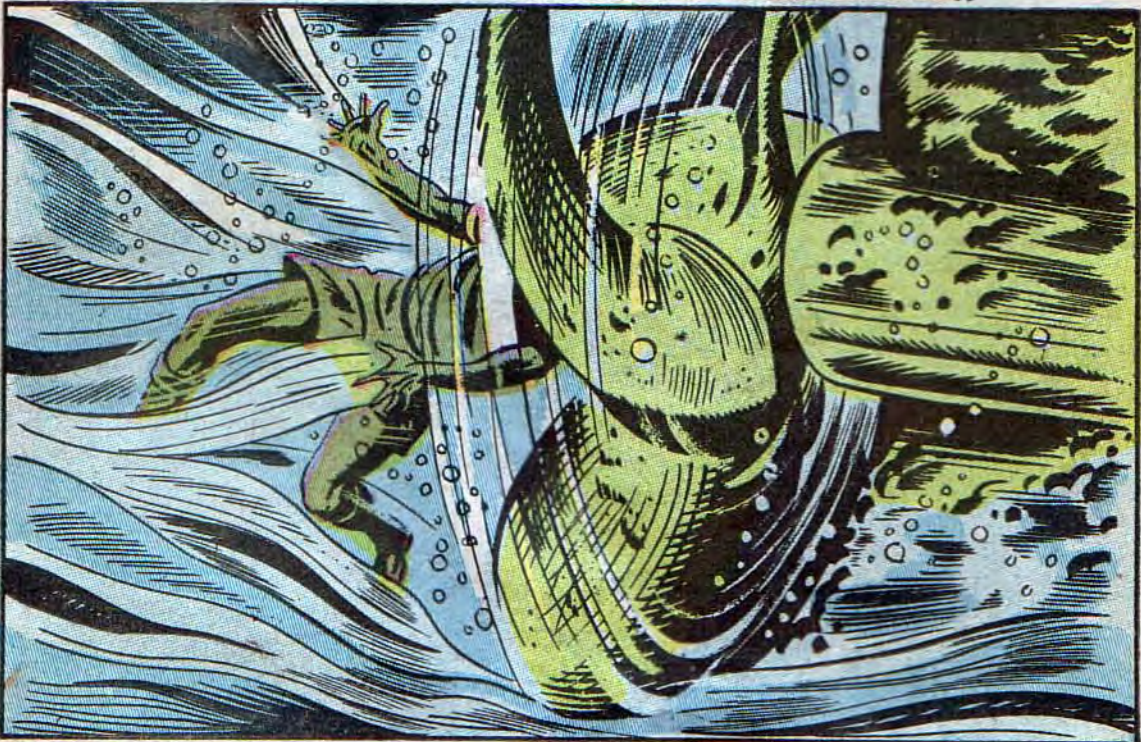
IN HYSTERICAL RAGE AND BLIND FEAR, ERIC RAMON LUNGES AT THE SHRUNKEN, TWISTED GROTESQUE, TORMENTING SKULL!

ERIC...!!
THE RAIL...!!

I'LL GET YOU
JONA... AIEE...
YAAAAAA!!



BUT THE MADDENED MURDERER'S LEAP BECOMES HIS DEATH DIVE!!



IT'S HOPELESS!
HE'S SURELY
DROWNED...
AND HIS BODY
MUST BE FIVE
THOUSAND
FATHOMS
DOWN!

FIRST
JONATHAN
...AND NOW
ERIC!



WHEN THE LUCKLESS EXPEDITION RETURNS TO ITS NEW YORK OFFICES, THE BOX CONTAINING THE SHRUNKEN SKULL OF JONATHAN IS OPENED! AND AS THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION CRINGE IN DEATHLY HORROR... IT IS EVIDENT THAT JUSTICE... "STRANGE PRIMITIVE JUSTICE" HAS BEEN DONE!!



THE SKULL...
IT CAN'T BE!

BUT IT IS!
IT... IT'S...
ERIC!!



THE END!

A MAN RUNS IN WILD-EYED TERROR THROUGH THE GIBBERING JUNGLE NIGHT. HE IS JOCK CARVER, FORMER JUNGLE HUNTER, EX-CONVICT. BUT WHAT CAN BE THE CAUSE OF SUCH HORROR IN SO STRONG AND CRUEL A KILLER? WHAT ELSE BUT...

THE SHE-BEAST



THE STORY BEGINS TEN DAYS EARLIER. JOCK CARVER, HAVING KILLED A GUARD TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON, FINDS HIMSELF WEAK WITH FEVER, LOST IN THE JUNGLE...

GOT TO MAKE SHORE... BEFORE I... PASS OUT...



CAN'T EVEN STAND ANYMORE. BETTER... WHA... ?





OH, NO! I'M FINISHED! CAN'T...
CAN'T RUN... TOO WEAK!



WHAT A LOUSY
WAY TO DIE!

SHAHHH,
SAURA!
SHAHHH.



GO! GO!
SAURA!

MUST BE... HAVING A NIGHTMARE!
BEAUTIFUL GIRL... WALKS RIGHT UP
TO THE CROC...



AND IT... BACKS AWAY!
IT BACKS... OOOHHH!

CARVER KNOWS NOTHING MORE UNTIL HE AWAKENS
DAYS LATER IN A CRUDE HUT IN A JUNGLE CLEARING...



AM-AM I STILL
DREAMING? WHO
ARE YOU?

HUSH! YOU ARE WELL NOW.
THE FEVER IS BROKEN.
I AM REPTA.



...AND YOU ARE REPTA'S MAN
NOW! I SAVED YOU FROM SAURA
THE "CROCODILE" AND I CURED
YOUR SICKNESS. YOU BELONG
TO REPTA NOW!

BRR! SHE GIVES
ME THE SHIVERS!
BETTER HUMOR
HER TILL I GET
STRONGER.

SURE, SURE!
ANYTHING YOU
SAY!

AS TIME PASSES, CARVER'S STRENGTH RETURNS... AND SO DOES HIS GREED...



NO TOUCH! OWWWW! YOU CRAZY DEVIL!



COME, WE HUNT NOW, FIND FOOD.

JUST LIKE THAT! LASHES AT ME LIKE A DAMNED ANIMAL, AND FORGETS IT JUST AS QUICK!



AS CARVER CROSSES THE CLEARING...

THERE SHE GOES AGAIN. HUNTS LIKE AN ANIMAL TOO. NOW WHAT...



ANOTHER BABY PIG! AND LOOK AT HER... SHE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING!



REPTA! LOOK OUT! IN THE TREE...

I SEE, DO NOT WORRY. IT IS ONLY A CAT.



SHAHH! LEAVE US IN PEACE, SPOTTED ONE! SSSSSSSSS!

ONLY A CAT, SHE SAYS... AND SHE HISSES AT IT... AND SCARES IT AWAY! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FIRST CHANCE I GET!



THAT
NIGHT
CARVER
TRIES
TO
DROWN
HIS
STRANGE
FEAR
OF THE
BEAUTIFUL
SAVAGE
IN STRONG
NATIVE
BREW...



HOURS LATER, CARVER STAGGERS TO THE WINDOW, AND...





WHA...!? JEWELS! A FORTUNE IN JEWELS!



SHE HAD 'EM STASHED AWAY IN THE FIRE-PLACE... BUT NOW I GOT 'EM! TO BLAZES WITH HER RED STONES, THESE ARE PLENTY FOR ME! I'M ON MY WAY RIGHT NOW!

CARVER'S GREEDY PASSION LENDS HIM A SENSE OF FALSE BRAVERY



I'LL BE RICH! SHE CAN'T STOP ME NOW! I'M OFF TO THE COAST WITH MY JEWELS!

...AND HE FAILS TO CATCH THE FLASH OF BLOOD-RED STONES OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!



...AND IF SHE TRIES TO GET IN MY WAY! I'LL SMASH HER HEAD LIKE AN EGG!



ALL I GOT TO DO IS REACH MY DUGOUT, AND I'M SAFE! SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO... WHAT'S THAT?

CRACK!
HISS!



IT'S HER! SHE'S AFTER ME! SHE'S OUT IN THE DARK, WAITING FOR ME!

HISSSSS

FOR ENDLESS MOMENTS, CARVERS RACES
MADLY THROUGH THE BLACK JUNGLE...



I MADE IT! ONCE I'M OUT ON
THE WATER, I'M SAFE!



THE END



Borrow Money BY MAIL!

ON YOUR SIGNATURE ONLY

ANY AMOUNT **\$50.00 to \$600.00**

QUICK-EASY-PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

No Matter Where You Live in the U.S. . . . You Can Borrow From State Finance!

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need BY MAIL from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U.S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 *entirely by mail in complete privacy* without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will NOT know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay ONLY for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your FREE loan application and Loan Papers. *Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope!* So mail the coupon below today!

PAY DOCTOR BILLS

PAY INSURANCE

PAY OLD DEBTS

Mail Coupon Now for FREE Loan Papers

You'll agree with thousands that this is the easiest and best way to solve your money problem. Loans are made to men and women in every occupation and every walk of life. Get the money you need and get it NOW. Mail the coupon . . . no obligation of course!

STATE FINANCE COMPANY
Old Reliable Company — Over 50 Years of Service
Dept. D-195, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

STATE FINANCE COMPANY

Dept. D-195, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with FREE Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name

Address

City State

Occupation Age

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These

Prizes!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as rifles, jewelry, basketballs, silverware, home appliances, watches . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value only 35¢ . . . sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling just ONE SET of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalog sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.



HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size, 5x11, richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST! When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$3.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY send \$5.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry! send today for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE.



The FUNman, Dept. V-128, FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 50¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a prize or keep cash commission, as explained under description of prize in big Prize Catalog. PRINT BELOW.

NAME AGE

STREET or RFD

TOWN ZONE STATE

Save 1 cent filling in, mailing and waiting this coupon on a 3¢ Post Card today!

SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You

THE DESIRE TO GAIN RETRIBUTION IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST OF HUMAN PASSIONS...
 ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF TRANSCENDING THE GRAVE ITSELF! AS IT DID WHEN HENRI
 MARLEAU HEARD A MURDERED MAN PLAY HIS...

DEATH SONG!



ALTHOUGH HENRI MARLEAU AND GEORGE RICCO BOTH GRADUATED FROM THE SAME MUSIC CONSERVATORY WITH HIGHEST HONORS, THEIR FORTUNES HAVE HARDLY BEEN IDENTICAL! AT A NEW YORK RADIO STATION...

YOU'VE BOTH AUDITIONED WELL, GENTLEMEN... AND WE'VE CHOSEN YOU RICCO! NOTHING AGAINST YOU, OF COURSE, MARLEAU!



AND THROUGH THE YEARS, THEIR PATHS CONSTANTLY CROSS...

YOU ARE BOTH GOOD! BUT YOU RICCO, ARE SUPERB! YOU WILL BE MY SOLOIST!



THE FOOLS, THEY APPLAUD RICCO, WHILE I, THE GREATEST OF ALL VIOLINISTS LIVE ON BREAD CRUST!



YEARS PASS AND AS GEORGE RICCO'S FAME AND FORTUNE SKYROCKET, THE FRUSTRATED HENRI MARLEAU, LANGUISHES IN HIS SQUALID ROOM!

I AM THE GREATEST VIRTUOSO IN THE WORLD AND RICCO IS JUST A CHEAP IMITATOR! BUT LOOK AT US!



THAT EVENING...

I AM THE MASTER! AND HE PLAYS INSIDE FOR THOUSANDS WHILE I EARN PENNIES ON THIS STREET CORNER!

GEORGE RICCO



LATER AS THE AUDIENCE LEAVES...

RICCO IS MAGNIFICENT! I COULD LISTEN TO HIM ALL NIGHT!

LOOK AT THIS POOR BEGGAR. GIVE HIM A COIN, DEAR!



AFTER THE CROWD HAS DEPARTED, AN EMBITTERED AND CRAZED MARLEAU AWAITS THE UNSUSPECTING RICCO!

POOR BEGGAR, AM I? FOR THIS RICCO MUST PAY WITH HIS LIFE!



MARLEAU WHAT...?

THE HAND OF A TRUE ARTIST ARE VERSATILE RICCO, HA-HA...

ARRGGGH!



NOW TO BURY THE BODY WHERE
IT WILL NEVER BE FOUND! I'LL
DRIVE YOU THERE, RICCO, IN YOUR
OWN CAR! HEH, HEH..!



AND THE FIENDISH
MURDERER DRIVES HIS
VICTIM TO A DESOLATE AREA!

GOODBYE, RICCO! YOU'VE PLAYED
YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE!



CACKLING GLEEFULLY, MARLEAU STARTS
BACK TO THE CITY! THEN...!

HA-HA...! HE'LL TORMENT ME NO MORE! WHEN I--
WHA-- SACRE BLEU! HIS VIOLIN! I MUST GO BACK...!



YOUR IDIOTIC VIOLIN SHALL FOLLOW YOU, RICCO...
SO THAT YOU MAY PLAY WHEREVER YOU ARE! AH-HA-HA!



BURN, HA-HA
BURN..!!



THE NEXT EVENING, AS A VAST AUDIENCE WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR A MAN THEY LITTLE REALIZE HAS BEEN MURDERED! MARLEAU, IN A RENTED TUXEDO, PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE DISTRAUGHT MANAGER WHO GRATEFULLY ALLOWS HIM TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE ABSENT RICCO!



SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY CREATED BY HIS OWN SAVAGE VIOLENCE, THE CRAZED MUSICIAN OUTDOES HIMSELF!

MAGNIFICENT! I HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW MASTER! SUPERB...



AT LAST THEY RECOGNIZE MY TALENT! MY DAYS OF PRIVATION ARE BEHIND ME!

YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. MARLEAU!



A WHIRLWIND TOUR OF RECITALS, CONCERTS AND RECORDING DATES FOLLOW, AND HENRI MARLEAU'S FAME SPREADS RAPIDLY! AND HIS WEALTH KEEPS PACE...



AS THE ENTIRE WORLD APPLAUDS THE NEWLY DISCOVERED GENIUS, MARLEAU IS STARTLED BY AN UNEXPECTED AND UNIVITED GUEST AT AN EXCLUSIVE RECITAL!



DAYS PASS AND MARLEAU TRIES TO DISMISS THE GRUESOME EPISODE FROM HIS MIND!

I MUST HAVE IMAGINED IT! I WAS TIRED! OVERWORK THAT'S ALL IT WAS...



RICCO!

YES, HENRI! DIDN'T YOU EXPECT TO SEE ME AGAIN?



KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD I KILLED YOU

RUNNING AWAY WON'T HELP YOU HENRI! HA-HA



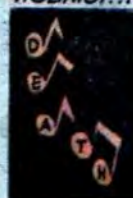
LATER THAT WEEK...

AUTOGRAPH, MR. MARLEAU?

WHY-ER-CERTAINLY! OF COURSE!



BUT THE GRUESOME VISION CONTINUED TO PLAGUE THE CRAZED VIOLINIST...



NO! GO AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD, I SAY!

MR. MARLEAU! WHAT?



KEEP AWAYYY...

THE POOR MAN! HE MUST BE GOING INSANE!

THESE UNPREDICTABLE GENIUSES!



WRACKED WITH FEAR, THE TERROR-STRICKEN MARLEAU STRUGGLES TO COMPOSE HIMSELF...! ONE EVENING, AT A PRIVATE RECITAL IN HIS OWN LAVISH PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

THEY SAY HE'S BEEN ACTING ECCENTRICALLY, LATELY! BUT HE STILL PLAYS BRILLIANTLY!

THE MASTER!





RAVING HYSTERICALLY, THE HORROR-STRICKEN MARLEAU, STAGGERS FROM THE ROOM TOWARD HIS TERRACE, FORTY FLOORS ABOVE THE CITY!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! HA-HA-HAA! NEVER... DO YOU HEAR!



GHASTLY! WHAT COULD HAVE MADE HIM DO IT! WHO WAS HE TALKING TO!

AND...AND WHAT DID HE SEE!



THOSE IN HENRI MARLEAU'S APARTMENT WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT WEIRD, GROTESQUE SIGHT HE SAW... A SIGHT THAT PROVE HIM TO HIS JUST AND VIOLENT DEATH! BUT WHEN THEY REACH HIS BROKEN BODY, THEY SEE SOMETHING EQUALLY AS STARTLING... AND PERHAPS MORE FANTASTIC...!!



REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — HEAVY GAUGE PLASTIC
GUARANTEED FOR LONG WEAR



FITS ALL CARS

STYLE #400

Snake-Zebra Skin Design—
Printed Plastic can be used
on either side. Gives snappy
distinctive dress-up ap-
pearance. Front
Rear Seat \$2.98

STYLE #500

Leopard Cowhide design on
Printed Flextan Plastic.
Leopard Skin on one side,
Cowhide on the other.
Either side gives beauty to
your car's seats. Never gets
dirty for it cleans with
whisk of a
damp cloth. \$2.98
Front or Rear.



RUSH
ORDER TODAY!

• Waterproof and stain proof. Easy to attach to seats for perfect fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure perfect seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with Nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only \$2.98 each. Complete set for Front & Rear only \$5.00. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 day Money Back Guarantee!

MANDO SALES CORPORATION, DEPT. DS-1003
440 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Please send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

"With God . . .

all things are possible!"

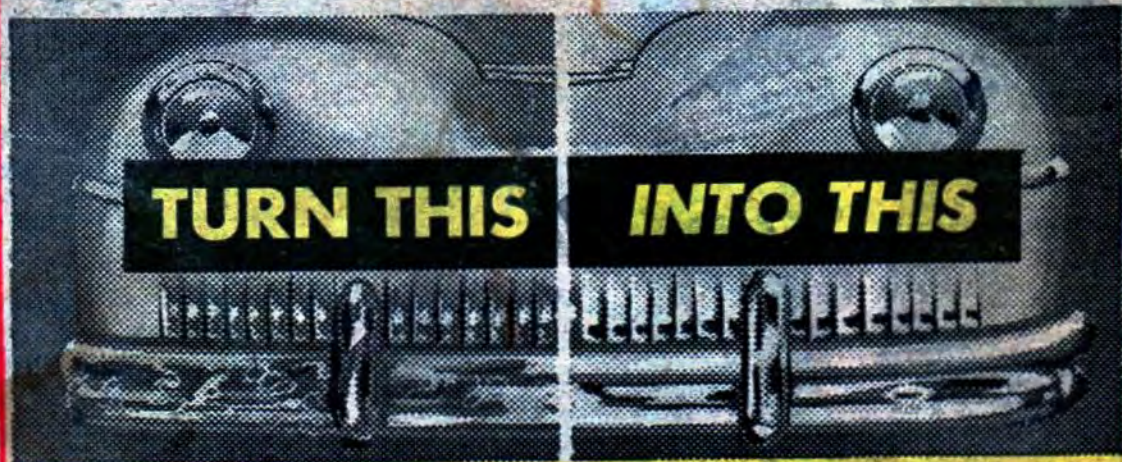
Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor health? Money or Job Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Worried about someone dear to you? Is some one dear to you Drinking too Much? Do you ever get lonely — Unhappy — Discouraged? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and Good Fortune in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful NEWS — NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping thousands of other men and women to glorious NEW happiness and joy! Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or not, this remarkable NEW WAY may bring a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very quickly too!

So don't wait, dear friend. Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy IN ANY WAY — we invite you to clip this Message now and mail with 6c in stamps so we can rush FULL INFORMATION to you by AIR MAIL about this remarkable NEW WAY of PRAYER that is helping so many others and may just as certainly and quickly help YOU!

You will surely bless this day—so please don't delay! Just clip this Message now and mail with your name, address and 6c in stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 1908, Noroton, Conn. We will rush this wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH to you by AIR MAIL.

AT LAST! A CHROME RESTORER THAT WORKS!



Amazing new 2-way chrome protector wipes away rust — pits — corrosion — in just 2 minutes! Stops rust from forming! Keeps chrome mirror-bright!

Now keep your bumpers, grillwork, window-frames, all chrome on your car sparkling bright as the day you bought it! Keep it rust-free for life! No matter how badly pitted or scarred, this sensational new 2-Way Chrome Protector wipes it Mirror-Bright, prevents new rust and corrosion from forming!

\$2

ONE APPLICATION LASTS ENTIRE SEASON—gives you safe, fool-proof protection against vicious biting erosions of **SALT AIR—SUN—RAIN—SLEET**—etc. **101 USES**—for fishing reels, boat trims, bicycles, sporting equipment, etc. Household appliances, farm equipment, toys, any chromed object, etc.

Complete Chrome Protector Kit contains:

- 1—Bottle of **RUST REMOVER** chemical with special applicator. Enough to remove all rust from car.
- 2—Can of **PROTECTOR** chrome rust preventer and applicator. Enough for years of safe protection.

RESULTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK!

Enclose \$2, check or money order with name and address. C.O.D. orders plus postal charges. Get Your Chrome Kit Now!

H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, INC., Dept. M-422,
799 Broadway • New York 3, N.Y.

H. SEARS INDUSTRIES, Inc. Dept. M-422,
799 Broadway

New York 3, N.Y.

Please send me () **CHROME KITS** at \$2.00 each. It is understood that you guarantee excellent results or I may return package within 10 days for a refund of my purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

() Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage and handling charges. (You save approximately 57c by enclosing \$2.00 in cash, check or money order.)